

Passion and Romance and...

# CUMMIES FROM MARS

the Red Planet - Issue number 4

Adults only!  
£2.00



Last Gasp

Dial-a-Laser



POUND  
©1982



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BY TIM BOXELL AND RESPECTIVE ARTISTS  
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EDITOR: TIM BOXELL COVER: JOHN POUND

**YOU** CAN BECOME A COMMIE **FROM** MARS!



THIS IS URK P. GORFLOK. HE'S YOUNG...HE'S PATRIOTIC...HE'S IDEALISTIC!...BOY, HAS HE GOT A LOT TO LEARN! BUT FOR NOW, HE STILL BELIEVES IN...

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JEFFREY "JEFF" ENGEES & BURKHOLDER

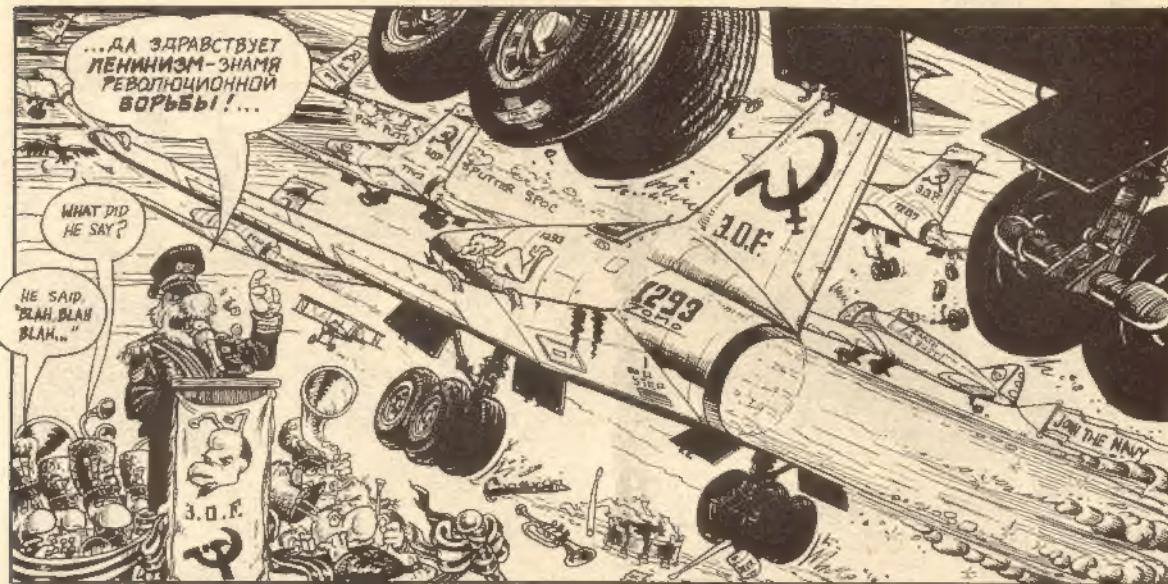
# THE COMMUNIST WAY

CONGRATULATIONS, COMRADE...  
YOU ARE NOW AN INDISPENSABLE  
ADDITION TO THE COMMUNIST FORCES!  
AN INSPIRATION TO THE CON-  
TINUED ON NEXT PA... OOPS!  
... UH, SORRY...

MOM! DAD!  
I'M OFF TO  
INVADE EARTH!



A BRIEF STINT IN BOOT CAMP, AND THE NEW RECRUITS ARE STRAPPED INTO THEIR CRAFT AND CEREMONIOUSLY FIRED OFF TOWARDS EARTH...



HMM...  
SOMEWHAT LACKING  
IN THE PROPER RE-  
SPECTFUL ATTITUDE!

THAT'S RIGHT, GORFLOK...IN FACT, EVERY PERSON ON EARTH  
(WITH THE EXCEPTION OF COLONEL GADDAFI AND A FEW  
THIRD WORLD NATIONS) HATES YOUR SLIMY, RED MAR-  
TIAN GUTS! BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT THE PROPAGANDA  
BOARD WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE...

YOU'LL BE TEACHING THE INDUS-  
TRIOUS EARTH WORKERS NEW METH-  
ODS OF DEVELOPING THE PLANET'S  
BOUNTIFUL RESOURCES.

YOU'LL BE A TRACTOR  
DRIVING INSTRUCTOR.

HELP GUIDE THE EARTH PEOPLE  
TO A MORE REWARDING LIFE  
THROUGH COMMUNISM!

...AND IF YOU CAN'T  
GUIDE 'EM...FORCE 'EM!

ON YOUR OFF DUTY HOURS...  
YOU WILL NEVER CEASE TO BE  
ENTERTAINED BY EXPLORING  
EARTH CULTURE.

WHATS LEFT  
OF IT!

Ice cold  
Beer!



THIS DEPRESSED, CORFLOK TO NO END!...

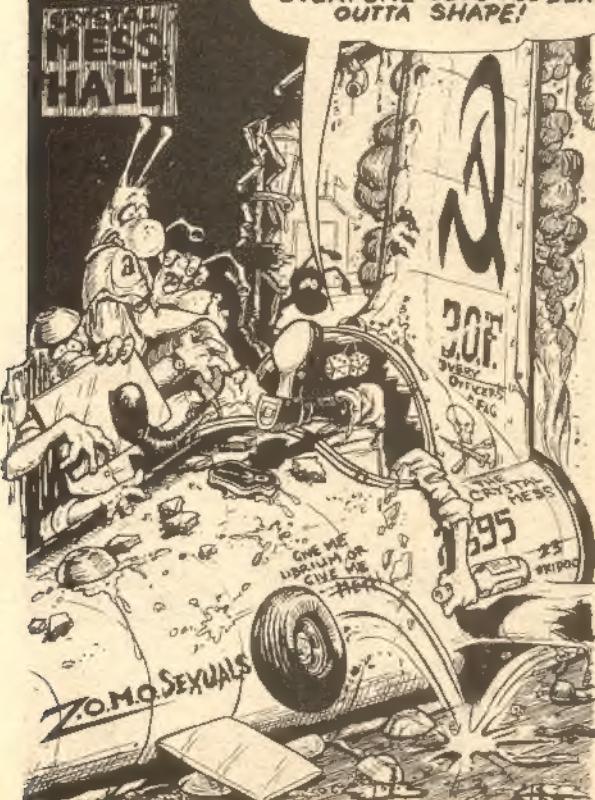
HE BEGAN TO SEEK RELIEF FROM THE PAINFUL DISILLUSIONMENT NOT THROUGH THE COMMUNIST WAY...BUT THROUGH THE AMERICAN WAY!...



IT BEGAN TO AFFECT HIS WORK,

JEEZUZ!  
OVERSHOT THE RUN-WAY BY A COUPLE THOUSAND YARDS AND EVERYONE GETS ALL BENT OUTTA SHAPE!

AND CORFLOK WAS NOT THE ONLY INVASION FORCE MEMBER AFFLICTED WITH CRIPPLING DEMORALIZATION.



THIS, IN TURN, RESULTED IN A NOTICABLE DECLINE IN THE QUALITY OF THE NEW RECRUITS FROM MARS.



DO YOU THINK THE GOVERNMENT DIDNT NOTICE WHAT WAS GOING ON? DO YOU THINK THEY EVER MISS A TRICK? NOT AS LONG AS THERE ARE SECRET POLICE AND SECRETARIES! BUT THEY WERENT WORRIED... AFTER ALL... IT WAS THE PLANET EARTH THEY WERE INTERESTED IN... AND THEY KNEW ITS NATURAL RESOURCES WERE BEING USED UP ALMOST AS FAST AS THEIR PERSONELL.

THEY DID SAVE THE WHALES... FROM THE RUSSIANS AND THE JAPS...

...THEY FLUSHED NUCLEAR WASTES DOWN THEIR TOILETS...

...AND THEY USED FLUOROCARBON SPRAYS WITH WILD ABANDON!



THATS IT! EARTHS FINISHED! USED-UP! BURNED-OUT! SUCKED-DRY! MIGHT AS WELL GRIND 'ER UP FOR ASPHALT GRAVEL!

AND SO... LEAVING BEHIND ANYTHING OR ANYONE DEEMED UNRENEWABLE... THE COMMIES SET OFF FOR GREENER PLANETS! WERE THE PARTY BOYS IN THE BARRACKS EVER SURPRISED!



NOW... DOES THIS ENDING LEAVE YOU FEELING KIND OF, LET-DOWN... A LITTLE, DROPPED-FLAT? WELL, THEN YOU KNOW JUST HOW GORFLOK FELT!

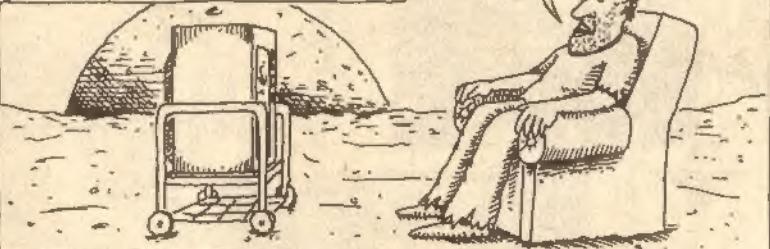


THE END

# LIFE ON THE PLANET FLOYD

IN 1968, FLOYD BAXTRELL WAS SUCKED OUT OF A PHONE BOOTH IN A CINCINNATI TRAIN STATION DURING A TIME WARP. HE WAS WHISKED THROUGH SPACE AND FOUND HIMSELF, 6 LIGHT YEARS LATER, ON A HUGE PLANET IN THE OREO-DELTA GALAXY... A BARREN, STARK, FRUITLESS, WASTELAND, NOT UNLIKE THE KITCHEN OF A HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT!

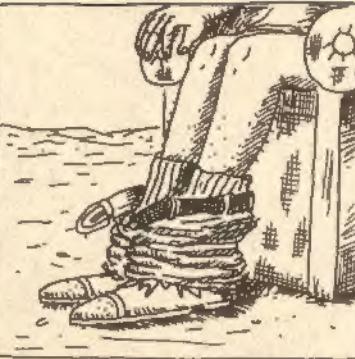
ALL FLOYD HAD TO SUSTAIN HIS LIFE WAS A TELEVISION, AN OLD CHAIR, HIS CLOTHES, GLASSES AND...



... A MYSTERIOUS HOLE IN THE GROUND WHICH SUPPLIED HIM WITH AN ENDLESS AMOUNT OF BEER, PRETZELS AND OIL FILTER WRENCHES.



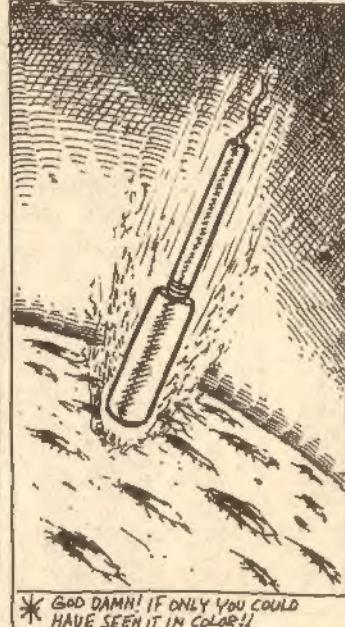
FLOYD WOULD TAKE LONG NAPS DURING THE "TOMORROW SHOW."



ONE DAY, WHILE FLOYD WAS TRYING TO SEE HOW MANY OIL FILTER WRENCHES HE COULD FIT IN HIS PANTS...



...AN ALIEN VESSEL MADE ITS' ENTRY INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.\*



MAKING A DISCREET LANDING ON THE HORIZON.

FWAM!

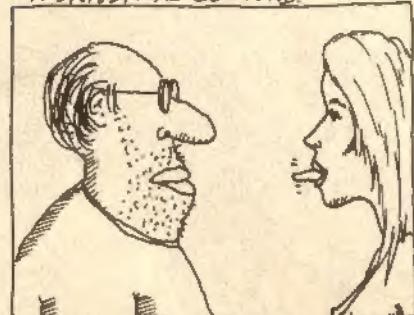
STUNNED BUT UNHARMED, THE ALIEN  
EMERGED FROM THE CRAFT.



WHAT DA HELL WAS DAT?

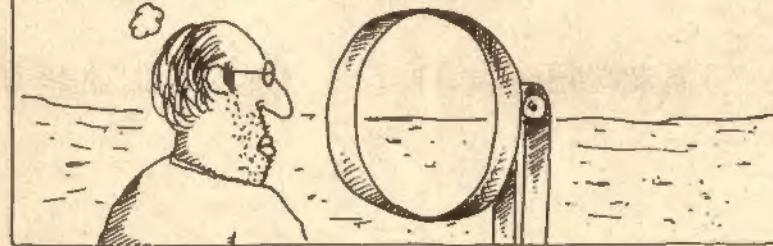


THE ALIEN GREETED HIM WITH  
A UNIVERSAL GESTURE.



HOWEVER, A STEADY DIET OF  
BEER AND PRETZELS HAD DONE  
DAMAGE TO FLODO'S BRAIN.

NOW THAT'S STRANGE. MY BRAIN IS ONLY  
ALLOWING ME TO SEE A GIANT OIL FILTER WRENCH!



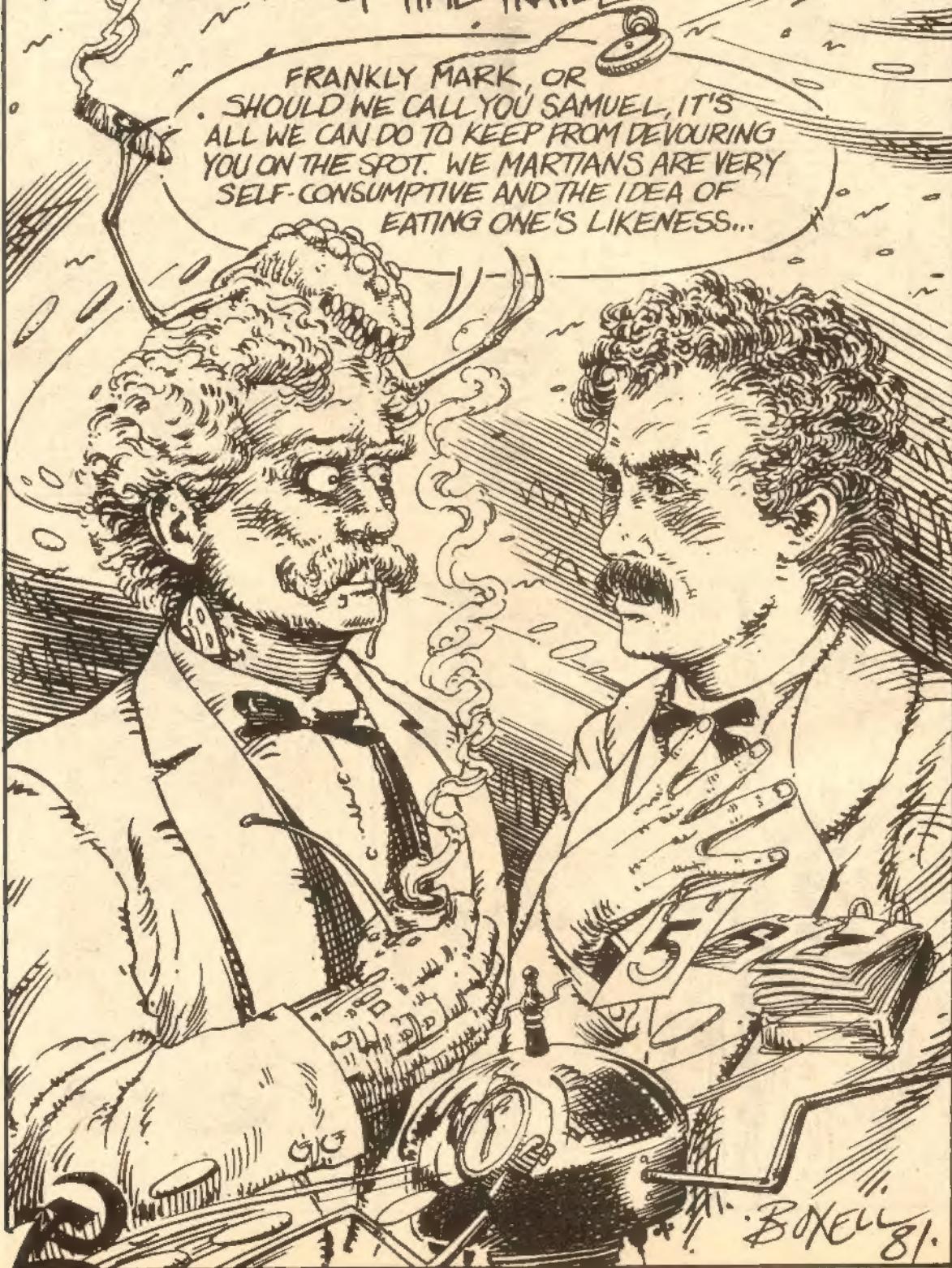
MEANWHILE, AT A PHONE BOOTH IN A CINCINNATI TRAIN STATION...

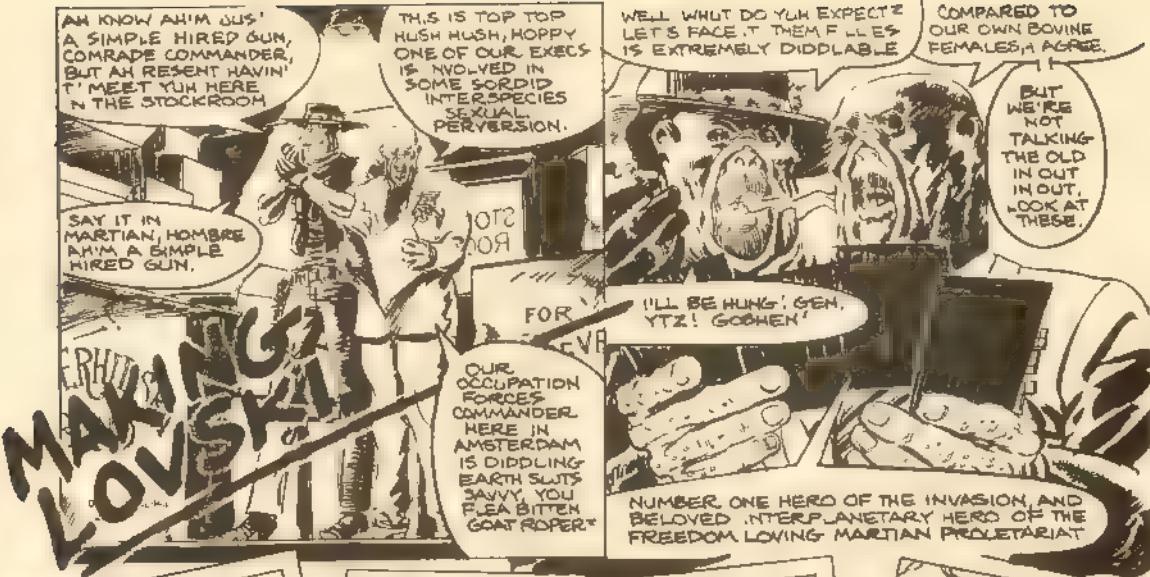


ToMCHEENEY '81

MARK TWAIN MEETS HIMSELF AS MARTIAN  
LITERARY FIGURE AND PARTY PHILOSOPHER,  
MARY TWAIN, THROUGH THE MIRACLE  
OF TIME TRAVEL...

FRANKLY MARK, OR  
SHOULD WE CALL YOU SAMUEL, IT'S  
ALL WE CAN DO TO KEEP FROM DEVOURING  
YOU ON THE SPOT. WE MARTIANS ARE VERY  
SELF-CONSUMPTIVE AND THE IDEA OF  
EATING ONE'S LIKENESS...





HOW HE SPEAKS TO MOMMY  
IN FRONT OF THE HELP.  
MOMMY WILL HAVE TO SPANK.

CUT THAT BULLSHIT,  
EARTHWOMAN THIS  
ISN'T A PLEASURE  
CALL...

THE GENERAL IS  
CRANKY TODAY. I CAN  
SEE I'M GOING TO  
HAVE TO SOFTEN  
HIM UP WITH  
STEELY DANIELLE

BITCH! YOU THINK JUST  
BECAUSE I LIKE A LITTLE  
BED AND HUMILIATION...

...THAT YOU CAN SELL  
ME DOWN THE CANAL  
WITH IMPUNITY?!

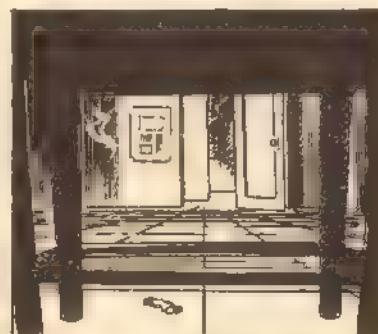
WHT TH FK  
ARY TNG  
ABT...

THE PHOTOS,  
SLUT!

YOU TOOK PICTURES OF  
ME AT CHAT NOIR  
AND SOLD THEM TO  
THE SECRET POLICE...

GETTING RID OF YOUR  
COMPETITION... FINE!  
BUT WHY DID YOU HAVE  
TO PUT THE LID ON MY  
JAR, SIGRID? I'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN GOOD  
TO YOU, HAVEN'T I?!

WELCOME TO EARTH,  
YOU GREEN CANDY-  
ASS PISS-DRINKER.



"YES, COMRADE MAGISTRATE. IT WAS EXTREMELY DISTASTEFUL..."

"...I ASK THE COURT. WOULD A COMMUNIST OF MY STANDING ENJOY BEING CORNOHOLED BY A DISGUSTING PINK EARTHBITCH?"

"YES, I WAS CONDUCTING MY OWN INVESTIGATION. I HAD GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE THEY WERE UNDERGROUND COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY INSURGENTS!"

"WHY, YES, I DID IN FACT ALLOW THEM TO DIAPER ME AND WHIP ME AND USE ME AS A TOILET. BUT IT WAS FOR THE MOTHERPLANET. LONG LIVE THE MOTHERPLANET!"

"JESUS, I'M GOING TO NEED A GOOD LAWYER..."

"WAL, LOOKEE WHO JUS' DRAPPED IN FER A PALAVER!"

"UH..."

"YER JUS' TH' HOMBRE AH BEEN A WAITIN' ON..."

TERRIFIC. OF ALL THE HIT MEN IN THE KGB, THEY HAVE TO GIVE ME TO COMRADE HOPPY. THE LAST WORDS I HEAR ARE GOING TO BE AUTHENTIC FRONTIER GIBBERISH...

"WATCH YER MANNERS, OLD SON. YER AWREADY GONNA DIE. YEH WANNA SHOOT FER SLOW, PAINFUL DIE?"

"THAT'S BETTER. IF'N YER NICE 'N' P'LITE, AH'LL LETCHA LIVE 'TILL AH BLOW MUH WAD DOWN THIS HERE COW'S THROAT!"

"YEW HAD TH' RIGHT IDEA, GEN. YTZ. THESE EARTH FEMMES GOT IT ALL OVER OUR OWN WIMMEN, ORAFIGE-WIBE..."

"BUTCHA GOTTA SHOW'IM WHO'S BOSS. THAT'S TH' WAY THEY LIKE IT. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MISSH?"

"DON'T ANSWER. JEST KEEP ON A SUCKIN' HAW!"

"YAR  
CHOMP"



# MIXED MARRIAGE

TOLD IN THIRTEEN  
Chapters:

© 1981  
Chad  
Droper

1 SHE FROZE IN  
THE DOORWAY... I  
SAW THE KITCHEN  
KNIFE IN HER HAND!

MARGE!

3 IT SEEMED AS IF ONLY MOMENTS  
HAD PASSED SINCE OUR WHIRL-  
WIND ROMANCE ON THE FRENCH  
RIVIERA!



4 WE WERE MARRIED  
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS,  
A LOVELY CEREMONY!



6 WE RETURNED TO  
MY MANSION AND  
BEGAN THE LIFE OF  
CARFREE NEWLYWEDS!

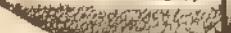
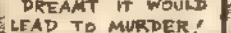
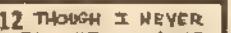
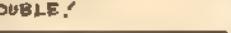
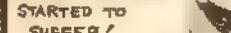
10 ONE MORNING  
I FOUND HER  
ON THE FLOOR OF MY  
CLOSET, DELIBERATELY  
PUTTING MY SLIPPERS  
OUT OF ORDER!

11 I KNEW OUR MARRIAGE WAS  
IN TROUBLE!

12 THOUGH I NEVER  
DREAMT IT WOULD  
LEAD TO MURDER!



5 HONEYMOONING IN VENICE!



"COMIC A"

BY

REVLO

I AM MELCHER, LEADER OF  
THE COMMIES FROM MARS!!!  
IN ISSUE #3 A GIRL NAMED HOLLY  
TOLD YOU LIES ABOUT US!!



YOU MUST NEVER TRUST SMALL  
BLOND CHILDREN! WHEN WE  
FIRST MOVED IN WITH HOLLY'S  
FAMILY, THEY ALL SEEMED SO NICE!



THE FIRST NIGHT WE  
WERE THERE, HOLLY  
CAME TO MY ROOM!



ONCE IN MY BED, SHE  
STARTED DOING THE  
"ORGAN TWIST."



WHEN SUDDENLY.....



HOLLY'S FATHER INSISTED THAT  
THE ONLY WAY TO ATONE FOR MY  
"ERROR" WAS TO PROBE HIS  
COLON - AN OLD EARTH CUSTOM.



WHEN IT WAS FINALLY OVER,  
I HAD BEEN DEGRADED BY  
EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY,  
THE PETS AND A STUFFED ANIMAL.



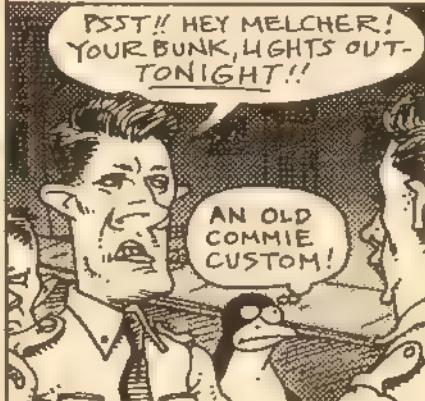
THAT WAS BAD ENOUGH,  
BUT AS THEY LEFT MY  
ROOM, HOLLY STOPPED  
TO FLIP A BOOGER ON ME.



WOULD  
ANYONE MIND  
IF I SWITCHED  
CHANNELS?



IN THE MORNING, I HAD  
TO FACE MY FELLOW COMMIES.  
THE FELLAS WERE LESS  
THAN FORGIVING.



OH GOD  
IT'S  
GETTING  
WORSE!!



THAT NIGHT WAS HELL!  
THEY TIED ME UP AND  
TORTURED ME!

HELP ME!  
SOMEBODY PLEASE!  
CHANGE THE RECORD!!

SONG 2  
SUNG BLUE  
EVERY BODY  
KNOWS ONE.  
2



IT'S BEEN OVER A  
YEAR SINCE THAT NIGHT.  
I'VE LOST MY POSITION  
AS LEADER OF THE  
COMMIES AND AM NOW  
A FRY CHEF AT AN  
ASTRO-BURGER!



SOMETIMES HOLLY  
COMES INTO THE  
ASTRO-BURGER  
JUST TO TAUNT ME!!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON MARS  
MRS. MELCHER LONGS FOR  
THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND.

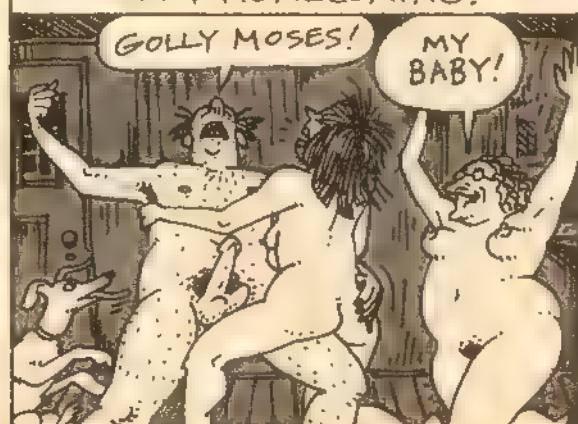
GOSH, I WISH I'D  
SAVED THE INSTRUCTIONS  
FOR MR. SATISFACTION!



EVERY NIGHT MRS. MELCHER  
DREAMS OF HER HUSBAND'S  
HAPPY HOMECOMING!

GOLLY MOSES!

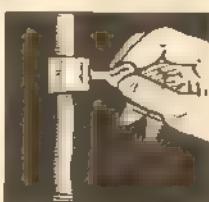
MY  
BABY!



I THINK MELCHER  
IS A BAD MAN WHO  
SHOULD BE TORTURED.

FOR SOME FOLKS  
READING COMICS IS  
TORTURE! BE MORE  
SPECIFIC TOOTS!

FOR OPENERS, AN  
OIL OF WINTERGREEN  
ENEMA WOULD BE  
REAL SWELL!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART  
OF THE SAME COMIC BOOK....

GOOD LORD SARGE!  
I NEVER SEEN NOTHING  
LIKE THIS BEFORE!

I DON'T  
LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF  
THIS AT ALL!

YUCK!

HEY SARGE, DID  
YOU NOTICE THESE  
TEETH MARKS ALL  
OVER THE NECK  
AND BODY?

YES,  
AND THERE  
ARE WOOD  
SPLINTERS AND  
CHIPS OF WHITE  
PAINT TOO!



THE CLUES LEAD THE  
POLICE TO "FOXY'S,"  
A PUPPET BAR ON  
EAST BROADWAY.



WE'RE LOOKING FOR  
A VIOLENT PUPPET  
WHO HAS A THING  
FOR YOUNG WHITE  
GIRLS!!



LATER: 7/6/5



AND SO, WE HAVE LOOKED  
AT CONFLICTING REPORTS  
FROM HOLLY AND MELCHER  
OF THE COMMIES FROM MARS!

HELP!  
MOMMY!

AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR  
YOU THE READERS TO  
DECIDE! JUST CALL THE  
NUMBER LISTED BELOW  
AND TELL US WHAT YOU THINK!

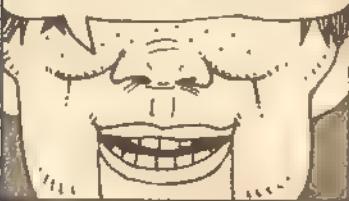
DO BELIEVE HOLLY WAS TELLING  
THE TRUTH?  YES  NO



OR, DID YOU BELIEVE THE STORY  
PUT FORWARD BY THE HAPLESS  
MELCHER?  YES  NO



WHEN YOU CALL IN,  
DON'T FORGET TO  
TELL US HOW YOU  
THINK THE GUILTY  
SHOULD BE PUNISHED!



BY THE WAY, WE'RE  
NOT INTERESTED IN  
ANY PANTY-WAIST  
PUNISHMENT EITHER!!

THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS  
WE'RE TALKING  
SUPER-CRUEL NOW.



OUR FIRST CALLER ASKS:  
WAS I EVER THE HOST OF  
THE NEWLY-WED GAME?

NO.

AND BEFORE  
I FORGET,  
FUCK YOU.

BYE!

HELLO? IS THIS THE PUPPET  
WHO WAS IN THE LAST PANEL?  
WELL, I THINK HOLLY WAS  
TELLING THE TRUTH!



HELLO? OH, IT'S YOU!  
DANNY, I'VE ASKED YOU  
NOT TO...WHAT? THE  
POLICE? GOTTA GO  
NOW, BYE!



WE WILL NOW PAUSE SO  
THAT THE CHARACTERS  
IN THIS STORY CAN TAKE  
A BREAK AND USE THE  
RESTROOMS, SMOKE, ETC.



I'M  
HURRYING!  
WHAT DO  
YOU WANT ME  
TO DO?

MEN

PINCH  
OFF A  
BIG ONE?

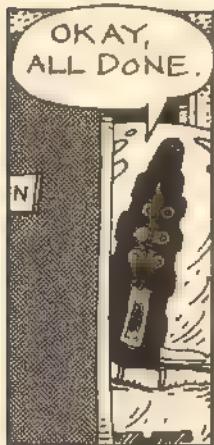
OKAY,  
ALL DONE.

OUR STORY RESUMES.

THIS MUST BE  
HIS DRESSING ROOM.  
WE'LL WAIT HERE!

N

STAR



KNOWING THAT THE POLICE  
ARE HOT ON HIS TRAIL, STAR  
DISGUISES HIMSELF AS  
WAYNE NEWTON TO AVOID  
BEING CAPTURED!!



CASANOVA!



SMELL  
THIS!



IT'S PUSSY!



SORRY, WRONG STORY!

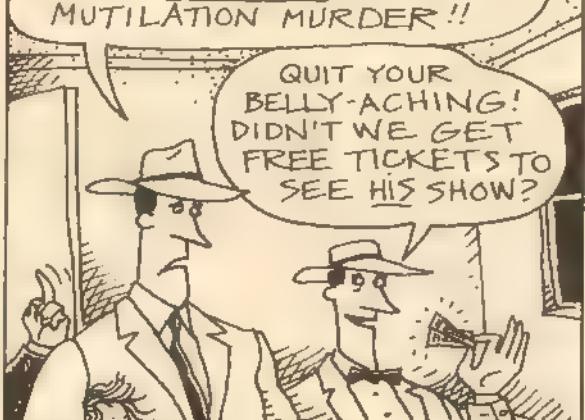
EXCUSE ME MR. NEWTON WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR A DERANGED  
PUPPET - BY THE  
WAY, DOES THIS  
LOOK FAMILIAR?

NO



DRAST!! ANOTHER UNSOLVED  
MUTILATION MURDER!!

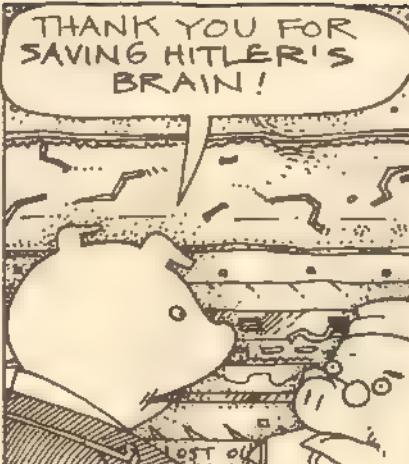
QUIT YOUR  
BELLY-ACHING!  
DIDN'T WE GET  
FREE TICKETS TO  
SEE HIS SHOW?



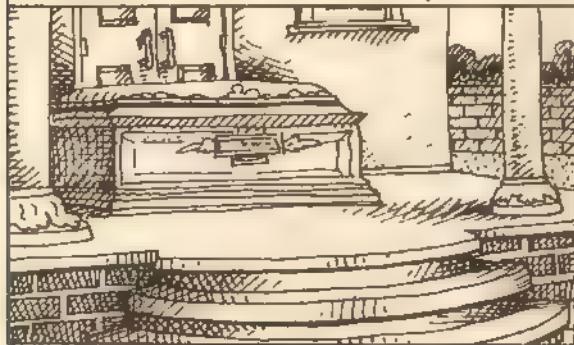
SHIT! AM I GLAD  
THEY LEFT!! OKAY  
NOW EVERY BODY  
SING!! DANKE SCHÖN  
DARLIN' DANKE SCHÖN!

THANK YOU FOR  
SAVING HITLER'S  
BRAIN!

I RECALL CENTRAL  
PARK IN FALL...

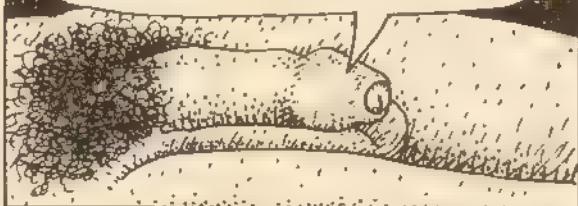


MEANWHILE, AT THE TOMB OF  
BIG ELVIS IN MEMPHIS....



...LITTLE ELVIS PLANS A **BIG**  
COME BACK-LAS VEGAS STYLE!

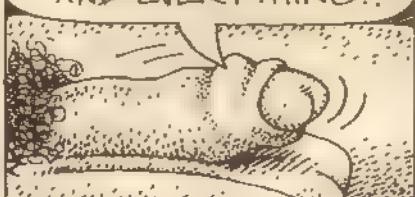
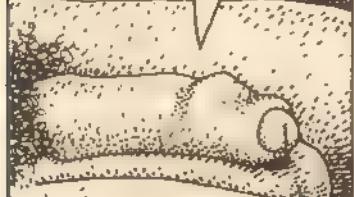
I NEVER REALLY HAD  
A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT  
I COULD DO! I COULD  
HAVE BEEN REALLY BIG!



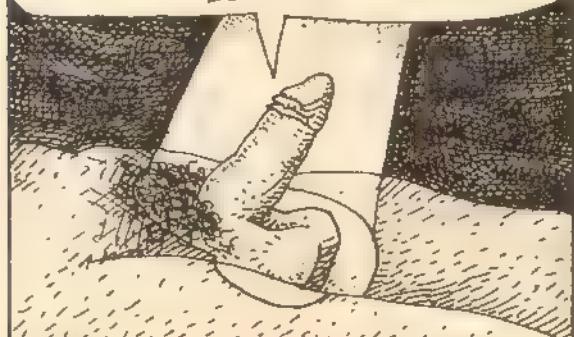
I COULD HAVE  
BEEN ANOTHER  
BOBBY GOLDSBORO!

I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!  
I'LL DO VEGAS WITH  
DANCING SHOW GIRLS  
AND EVERYTHING!!

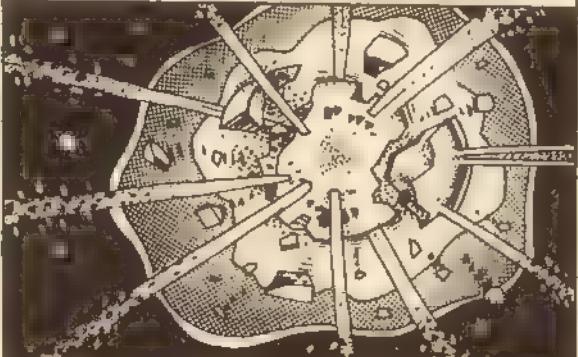
I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW!  
LADIES 'N' GENTLEMEN!  
HERE HE IS! THE ONE!  
THE ONLY! LITTLE ELVIS!!



HEY, THANKS FOR THE 'STANDING'  
OVATION FOLKS' ALL RIGHT!!  
WELL, WHAT'LL IT BE?? 'ALL  
SHOOK UP' OR 'I DID IT MY WAY'?



SUDDENLY, OUR SUN EXPLODED  
ENDING ALL LIFE IN THE SOLAR  
SYSTEM INSTANTLY. THE END.



TRUE

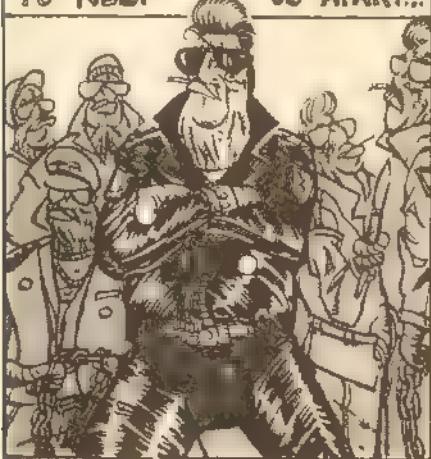




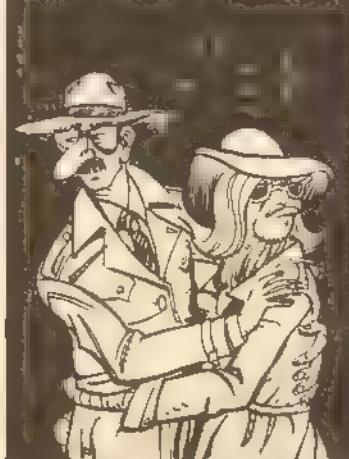
WHEN I CAUGHT  
HER EYES AT  
THE DANCE I  
KNEW SHE WAS  
THE LOVE I  
HAD WAITED SO  
LONG FOR....



UNFORTUNATELY, HER BROTHER  
AND HIS GANG DID NOT APPROVE  
AND WERE DETERMINED  
TO KEEP US APART...



WE WERE FORCED TO  
MEET INCOGNITO TO  
AVOID BEING DISCOVERED...

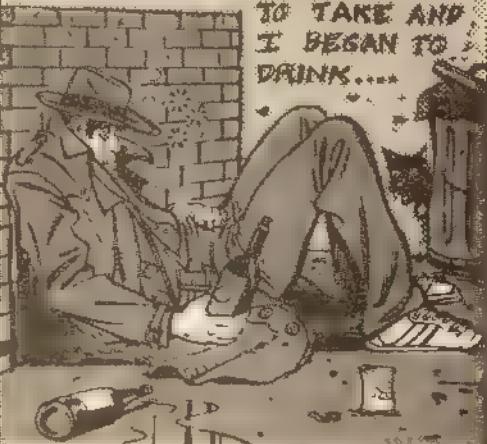


THE SHARING OF WINE, THE  
EXCHANGING OF GLANCES. WE  
SPENT HOURS IN QUIET  
RESTAURANTS TALKING ABOUT  
OUR FUTURE PLANS  
BY CANDLELIGHT...

ALAS...



WHEN HER CAREER AS A  
FASHION MODEL TOOK OFF,  
I FOUND THE PRESSURE OF  
MY FAILING CAREER AS AN  
ACTOR/ARTIST TO BE TOO MUCH  
TO TAKE AND  
I BEGAN TO  
DRINKS....



THAT FATEFUL DAY I RECEIVED THAT CALL MY PROBLEMS BECAME UNIMPORTANT.



THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED THAT SHE HAD CONTRACTED A STRAIN OF MARTIAN LEUKEMIA.



I VISITED HER EVERY DAY AND DID MY BEST TO COMFORT HER...



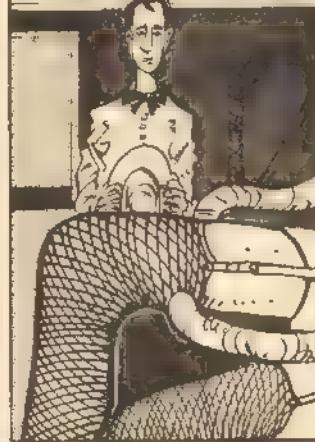
I DECIDED THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS ANY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HER FAMILY AND ME SHOULD BE OVERCOME, SO I PAID THEM A VISIT...



HER MOTHER ANSWERED THE DOOR WITH BURBON ON HER BREATH



BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING SHE HAD ME UPSTAIRS AND WAS ATTEMPTING TO SEDUCE ME...



I WAS RESCUED BY THE RING OF THE PHONE...IT WAS THE HOSPITAL. MY BELOVED HAD BEEN MISDIAGNOSED.



WITH THE MONEY FROM THE MALPRACTICE SUIT WE PLANNED TO ELOPES THE VERY NEXT DAY...



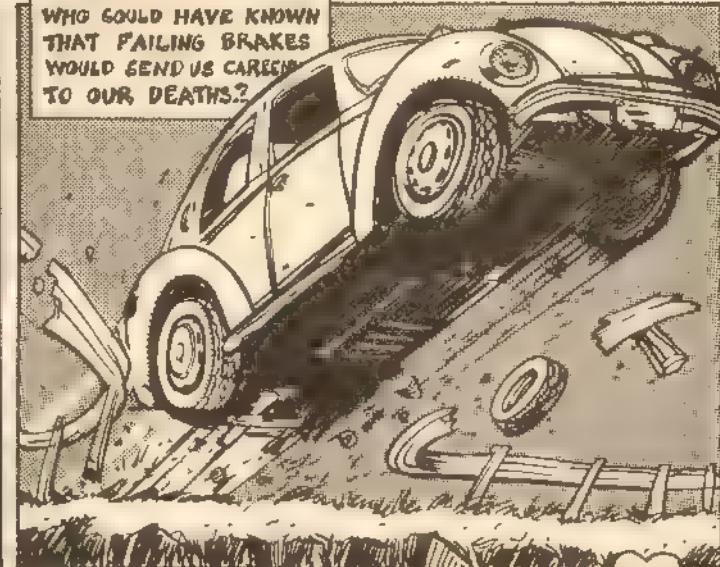
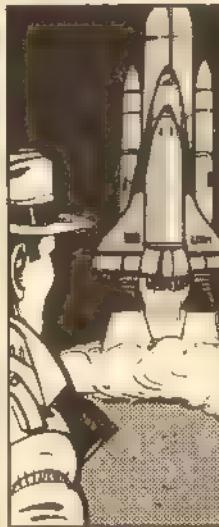
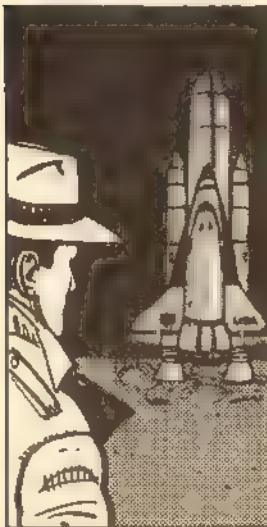
IT WAS THAT MOMENT HER THOUGHT-TO-BE-DEAD HUSBAND RETURNED...



AS I DROVE TOWARDS THE AIRPORT I REALIZED THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE DECISION TO MAKE...



I EXPLAINED THAT IF SHE DIDN'T GET ON THAT SHUTTLE WITH HER HUSBAND SHE WOULD REGRET IT ONE DAY -- PERHAPS FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE...



# FALSE VIEWS

FOR MANY YEARS THE AMERICAN PRESS COOPERATED WITH GOVERNMENT AGENCIES TO HOSEN THE MIND OF THE POPULACE AGAINST THE LIBERATORS FROM MARS. HERE ARE TWO DISGUSTING EXAMPLES.



SO, "WHAT IF MARS HADN'T SEIZED CONTROL OF THE EARTH?" YOU ASK. SEE FOR YOURSELF. SOME MARTIAN TIME TRAVELERS WERE ABLE TO LEARN THE TRUTH FROM A DOG. SO STOP YOUR BITCHING! AS YOU'LL SOON SEE, SOME THINGS ARE WORSE THAN CONNIES!

GO AWAY! AND SMIRK, STUPID!  
A DOG TELLING THE STORY OF  
MAN'S FUTURE.. FUNNY, RIGHT?  
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, JERK!  
THIS IS THE WAY IT HAPPENS.  
AND THERE WON'T BE ONE  
OF YOU LEFT TO TELL THE TALE I CALL

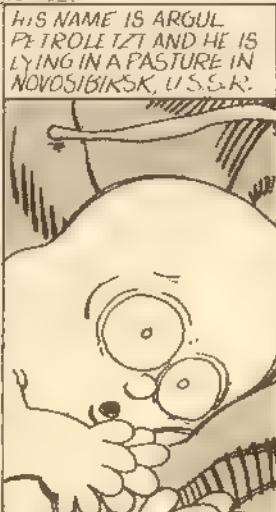
BYE-BYE BABIES!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK HE'S  
THE LAST OF HIS KIND.

His NAME IS ARGUL.  
PETROLEUM AND HE IS  
LYING IN A PASTURE IN  
NOVOSIBIRSK, U.S.S.R.

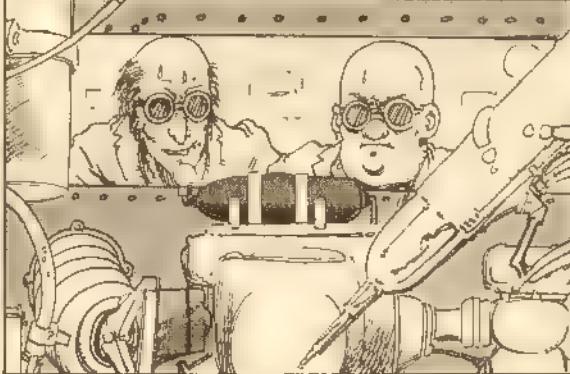
TODAY IS HIS BIRTHDAY  
IN 3 HOURS HE WOULD  
HAVE BEEN 128 YEARS  
OLD. HOWEVER, IN FIVE  
MINUTES HE'LL BE GONE.

WHY IS A FETUS MORE  
THAN A CENTURY AND A  
QUARTER OLD, ALL THAT  
REMAINS OF THE HUMAN  
RACE?



WHILE THE EARTH FACED SHORTAGES OF ENERGY,  
DEVASTATING POLLUTION AND UNCHECKED POPULATION  
GROWTH, THERE WERE STILL THOSE WHO SOUGHT  
THE ELUSIVE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE COLLECTIVE  
PROBLEMS OF MAN AND THE SEARCH WOULD  
END WITH THE SAME DISCOVERY



MARSHALL WILKES AND DUOW DUPONT  
SUCCEEDED IN SYNTHESIZING A SMALL QUANTITY  
OF A GAS THAT THEY BELIEVED WOULD TERMINATE  
THE AGING PROCESS.

THE C.I.A. WAS AWARE OF THEIR DISCOVERY  
ALMOST AS IT HAPPENED. THIS WAS  
CLEARLY A NATIONAL SECURITY MATTER!



COMPUTER ANALYSIS INDICATED THAT, IN UNLIMITED QUANTITIES, THE GAS WOULD BE EFFECTIVE IN ARRESTING THE AGING PROCESS IN HUMANS. THE GO AHEAD WAS GIVEN FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GIANT, SOLAR-POWERED GAS SYNTHESIZER.



UNDERSTANDABLY, THE FIRST OUT PUT WAS EAR-MARKED FOR THE SUPREME COURT, THE JOINT CHIEFS & OTHER FACETS OF WASHINGTON'S POWER ELITE THAT WERE HAMPERED BY THE ACTING OF THEIR MEMBERS!



THEIR ATTEMPT TO TAP A SAFETY RELEASE VALVE RESULTED IN A MALFUNCTION WHICH SET OFF A SERIES OF RELAYS OPENING EVERY SAFETY VALVE IN THE SYSTEM WITHIN A MINUTE, THE ENTIRE COMPOUND WAS ENVELOPED BY THE GAS.



USING ORDINARY POLLUTED AIR AS ITS BASIC RAW MATERIAL, THE SYNTHESIZER COULD PRODUCE THE GAS AT AN ASTOUNDING RATE.



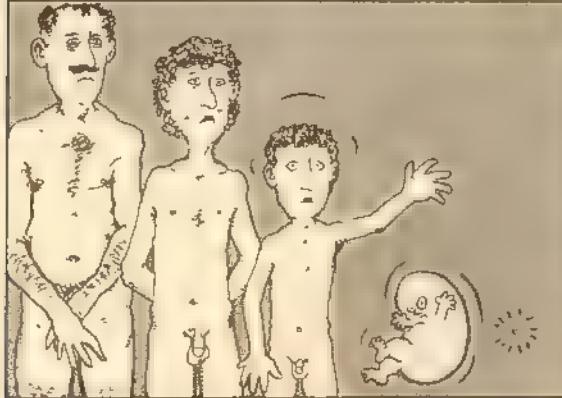
JUPONT AND MARSHALL, FEARING THAT THEY WOULD BE SEPARATED ENTIRELY FROM THE IR PROJECT, DID NOT REVEAL THEIR ANGER AT LOSING THE MOST COMMERCIALLY VALUABLE DISCOVERY OF ALL TIME. INSTEAD, THEY CONSPIRED TO BE CERTAIN THAT AT THE VERY LEAST, THEY WOULD NOT BE DENIED ITS EFFECTS ON THEIR PERSONAL PROBLEMS WITH AGE.



THE CONCENTRATED CLOUD OF GAS PRODUCED AN UNEXPECTED RESULT: AGING STOPPED AND THEN REVERSED!



AN ADULT WOULD PHYSICALLY RETURN TO THE STATURE OF AN ADOLESCENT, A CHILD, A FETUS, AND FINALLY A FERTILIZED OVUM. THE TIME THIS TOOK WAS PROPORTIONAL TO THE AMOUNT OF CONTACT WITH THE GAS AND THE PERSON'S AGE.



WITH SOLAR POWER AND A NEARLY INEXHAUSTABLE SUPPLY OF POLLUTED AIR, PRODUCTION WENT ON. UNCHECKED. WINDS SWIRLED THE FATEFUL GAS AROUND THE GLOBE.



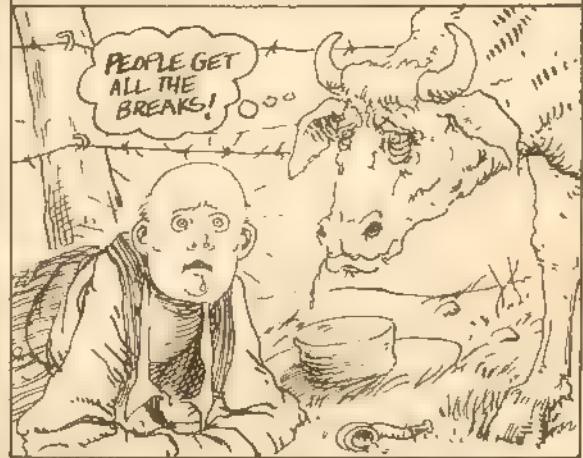
SOON, HOWEVER, IT WAS EVERYWHERE; AND SOON EVERYONE WAS GONE EXCEPT...



BUT THE EFFECT WAS TOTAL AND IRREVERSIBLE. THE BODY MASS 'EVAPORATED' AS THE PERSON GREW 'YOUNGER'. IN FIVE MINUTES ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE INSTALLATION WERE ... GONE.



ONE'S ONLY HOPE WAS TO TOTALLY AVOID CONTACT WITH THE GAS OR TO NOT BE HUMAN.



OOPS! TOO LATE! MISSED HIM! ARULU'S GONE. JOINED ALL THE OTHERS GASED INTO A STATE OF TERMINAL YOUTH!



AS FOR THE SYNTHESIZER, IT WENT ON SUCKING POISON OUT OF THE AIR FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS BEFORE IT FINALLY BROKE DOWN. BY THEN, I'M HAPPY TO SAY, THE AIR WAS TOO CLEAN TO IMPROVE ON THE FUTURE ...?



END

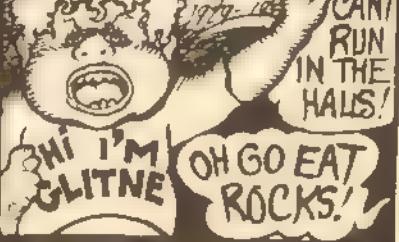
ジギンブック

# HALL MONITOR FROM MARS



her report card warned DOES NOT PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS

Glitney Spudd  
Primary School  
Term 1, 1999-2000  
YOU  
CAN'T  
RUN  
IN THE  
HALLS!



CONTROL YOURSELF!  
GRIMMIP SUPPORTS  
YOU!

SO THE  
FUCK  
WHAT?!

IT IS  
BECAUSE  
YOU ARE  
STRANGE  
GLITNEY  
SPUDD

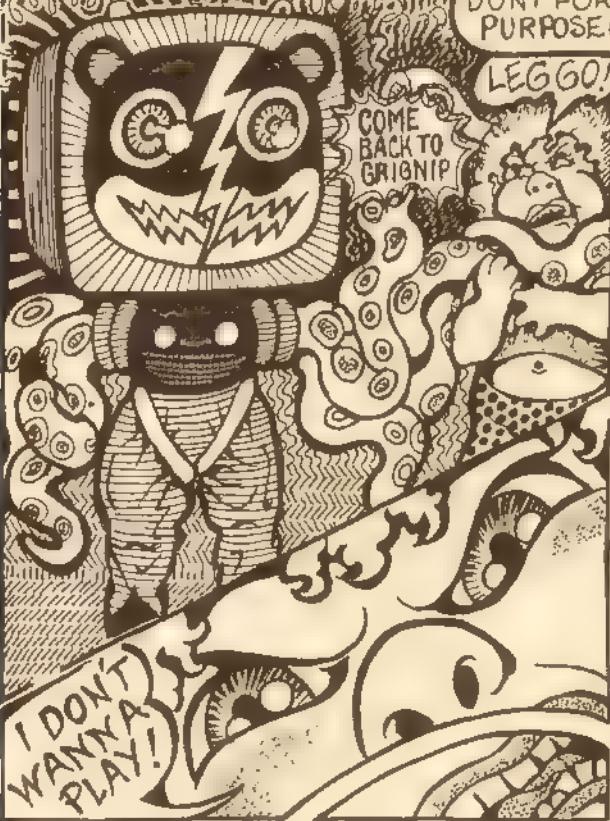
AND  
SMART!

WHY  
THE HALL  
MONITOR  
SO  
HATED?  
MENTAL  
MIDGETS  
WANT  
TO  
MUT-  
ILATE  
GLITNEY!



DON'T FORGET YOUR PURPOSE ON EARTH.

YOU MUST TRY TO CAVORT NORMALLY AMONG THE ALIENS... MIX WELL, GROW UP AND MATE INTERGALACTICALLY WITH NO TEARS!



YOU WILL PLAY AND YOU WILL USE NEW GAME RULES!

PLAY TIME OVER! YOU HAVE BEEN RECALLED TO DISCUSS EMBARCATION UPON THE SEA OF ADOLESCENCE. FROM THIS EVE FORWARD GLITNEY SPUDD SHALL HAVE BREAST BUDS AND PUBIC CILIA!

SHIT! THAT MEANS NO HITTING!

FEMALE  
114?

YES, GRAND KVORT-SNORT!

NOW I REALLY LOOK LIKE A MONSTER!

IT IS TIME TO RECALL YOU TO MARS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTION. YOU MUST ENTER THE RING OF WOMEN'S GLIBPERSONSHIP, CONSEQUENTLY BREAKING THE CYCLE OF FEMALE SUBJUGATION.

WELCOME NEW JERSEY N.O.W.! REAGAN AND HIS ALLIES ARE KILLING WOMAN'S RIGHTS BY WRITING MALE SUPERMACY BACK INTO LAW!

BUT I WANT TO STAY HERE!  
I AM UNHAPPY IN TENAFLY.

UNFAIR!  
BETA-FEMALE LIBERATION IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT ZORF.  
PLASM TRANSFER IN THE THIRD CYCLE. EQUAL SPRAY FOR EQUAL GLURK!

GET HER OUTA HERE!

GRRR TRY IT!

WILL THE TENAFLY DEL EGATE PLEASE BE SEATED!

MADAME CHAIRWOMAN: AT LEAST YOU HAVE ONLY THREE SEXES- MALE, FEMALE, REPUBLICAN. ON MARS THE FOUR SEXES MAKE LIBERATION A DIFFICULTY! TOP MARTIAN STAND FIFTY FEET WITH LASER EYEBALLS!

HOLD ON! THERE'S A LAYOUT FOR MS. IN THIS SOMEWHERE!

IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO MATE, GLITNEY SPUDD. HERE IS YOUR NUPTIAL PAMPHLET.



GO FORWARD AND REPRODUCE OUR KIND!

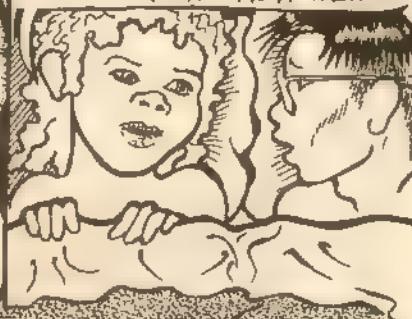


GLITNEY CAREFULLY PICKS COMPANIONABLE CHARACTERISTICS: TOUGH, ANXIOUS, WITCHCRAFT, NECKING, TIDY, PUNCTUALITY, SCIENCE, SOAPS, FICTION, EVERY DAY.



HELLO! LET'S PROCREATE!

YEARS FROM NOW, ON A VORFELP ON GRIGNIP, WE SHALL BIRTH A NEW BEING.



YOU ARE TOO RADICAL! I WAS HOPING FOR A MORE CONSERVATIVE RATIO BASED ON THE STRUCTURE:

$$\sqrt{E^n - 1} = x \cdot \{E\}$$

YOU ARE NOT OF THIS REALITY!

AW, SO WHAT?



BACK ON MARS AT GRIGNIP HEADQUARTERS...

YUNG MYUNG SAM WANTED TO TAKE ME TO A NUTHOUSE! I INADVERTENTLY DWORDED HIS FLANGES. HE ATROPHIED AND PASSED INTO TERTIARY EFFULGENCE.



WELL, WELCOME BACK TO GRIGNIP, ANYWAY! YOU AND YOUR NEW SPON CAN ENJOY A ROYAL EXISTENCE AND MARS HAS A NEW ELEMENT IN ITS GENE POOL! DIVE IN!



NO END IN SIGHT...



NO, NO! GO AHEAD AND TRY  
IT YOUR WAY AGAIN! I'M SURE  
I'LL LIKE IT!

Dexter 82

YOU LOOK NERVOUS,  
NOBOY DOES IT  
BOTHER YOU, GOING  
TO MARS? RIGHT  
INTO THE LIONS' DEN,  
HA HA!

A HUNCH? INTUITION!  
DON'T GET MYSTICAL  
ON ME, ADMIRAL! YOU  
THINK WE'VE BEEN  
INFILTRATED? I  
WANT HARD FACTS!

FACTS SUCH AS  
PERHAPS, BULLETS?  
FACTS CAN KILL!  
AS SECURITY CHIEF,  
I AM HERE TO  
CENSOR SUCH FACTS

YOU ARE A SHARP BIRD,  
SENATOR PONCIAGROSSI  
I AM WORRIED. I HAVE A  
PERSISTENT INTUITION OF  
- DANGER. BUT I DON'T  
FEAR MARS - I HAVE A  
HUNCH ABOUT ONE OF  
OUR FELLOW EARTH MEN.

YEAH, BUT IF  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
ANY, I DON'T  
WANNA HEAR IT.  
THIS IS JUST A  
ROUTINE TRIP-  
WE REPRESENT  
THE AD HOC  
COMMITTEE -  
WE REPORT TO  
THE MARTIANS  
- WE GO HOME  
AND GET DRUNK!

# DECLARATION

JUST THINKING  
OF ALL THOSE  
DAMN MARTIANS  
GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS - HEY,  
REX! HOW'S  
ABOUT ONE  
FOR THE ROAD?

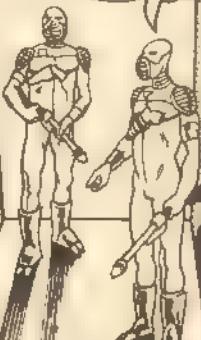
YOU IDIOT, YOU KNOW ALCOHOL IS  
ILLEGAL! BESIDES, I'M A REGISTERED  
CHURCHGOER - NEVER TOUCH THE  
STUFF, THO I SPOSE YOUR PAL,  
"SLOW JOE," WOULD  
WANT SOME.

SHUT YER TRAP  
- I'M CLEAN.

KELLENTH  
HUEY

YOU CAN'T TALK  
TO ME LIKE  
THAT - I'M  
REX BONAFIDE!  
I'M AN IMPORTANT  
MAN!

EARTHLINGS WILL  
BOARD PROMPTLY -  
EFFICIENCY MUST  
BE MAINTAINED.



PUT THAT  
BOTTLE AWAY!

CERTAIN  
INTERESTS HAVE ALWAYS  
BEEN VIOLENTLY OPPOSED TO  
THE "CONTRACT WITH MARS"  
- MY INFORMANTS  
HAVE UNCOVERED...

A PLOT,  
RIGHT?  
ANOTHER  
GODDAM PLOT  
AGAINST OUR  
MARTIAN  
MASTERS!  
OKAY, ADMIRAL  
- WHO'S YOUR  
MAN?

ONE OF THE TECHS -  
STEINBERG.  
RUMOR CONNECTS HIM  
WITH THE MUTATED  
UNDERGROUND

A  
MUTIE!

UH-HELLO! I'M REX  
BONAFIDE, UNDER-  
SECRETARY OF...

GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS!  
- I AM T'ER T'HWL,  
YOUR LIAISON FOR THIS  
TRIP. FLIGHT ZETA GR  
IS NOW DEPARTING  
FOR MARS.

AS YOU KNOW, EVERY  
YEAR (THAT IS, 1.9  
EARTH YEARS) MARS  
EXTENDS ITS HOSPITALITY  
TO EARTH BY SHIPPING  
ENVOYS OF YOUR  
"IN HOC COMMITTEE"  
TO MARSOPOLIS - FREE  
OF CHARGE - FOR YOUR  
AUDIENCE WITH OUR  
BELOVED DICTATOR,  
THE LIZARD. WE  
HOPE YOU WILL  
BE COMFORTABLE.

I'M ALREADY  
COMFORTABLE!

HOW  
NICE

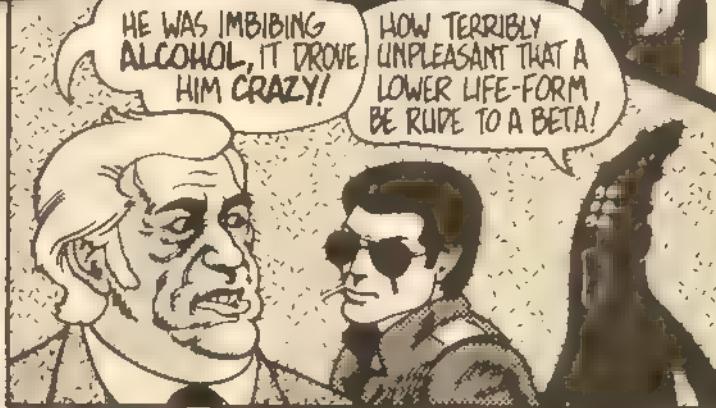
AN' I JUST LOVE  
HAVIN' YOU SQUIDS  
TELLING US WHAT  
TO DO!

WE ARE OF COURSE PLEASED  
THAT YOU HAVE MADE A  
POSITIVE READJUSTMENT,  
UNLIKE SO MANY OF  
YOUR FELLOW...

I'D LIKE TO  
ADJUST YOUR  
FUCKIN'  
TENTACLES,  
YOU SLIMEY  
SQUID!

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER  
MAKES IMMEDIATE TERMINATION  
IMPERATIVE!

I TOLD YOU WE  
WERE RUSHING  
OUR CLEARANCES  
- LOOK! IS  
THAT A GUN?



CRAM IT, BETA!  
DIDN'T YOU GET  
THIS JOB 'COS  
IT'S TOO  
DEGRADING  
FOR AN  
ALPHA?

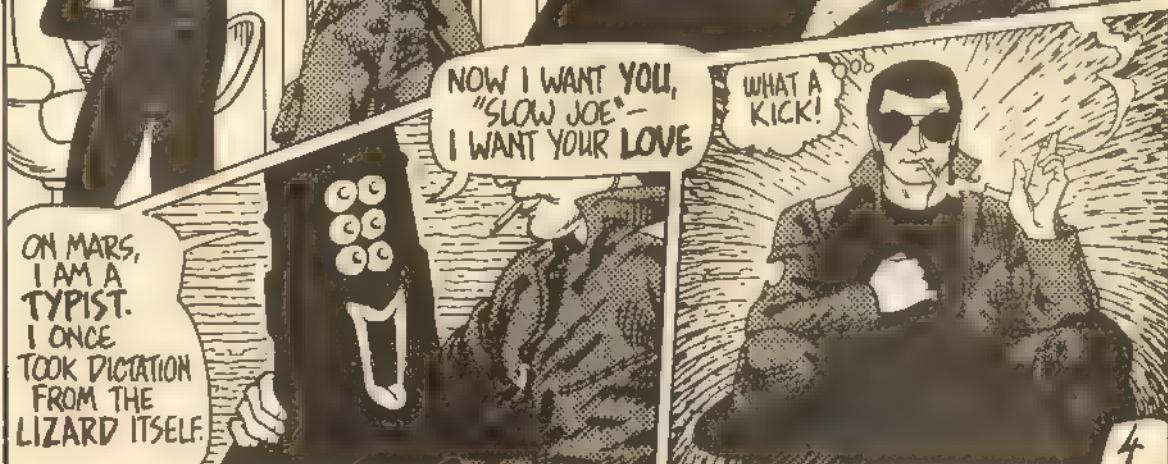
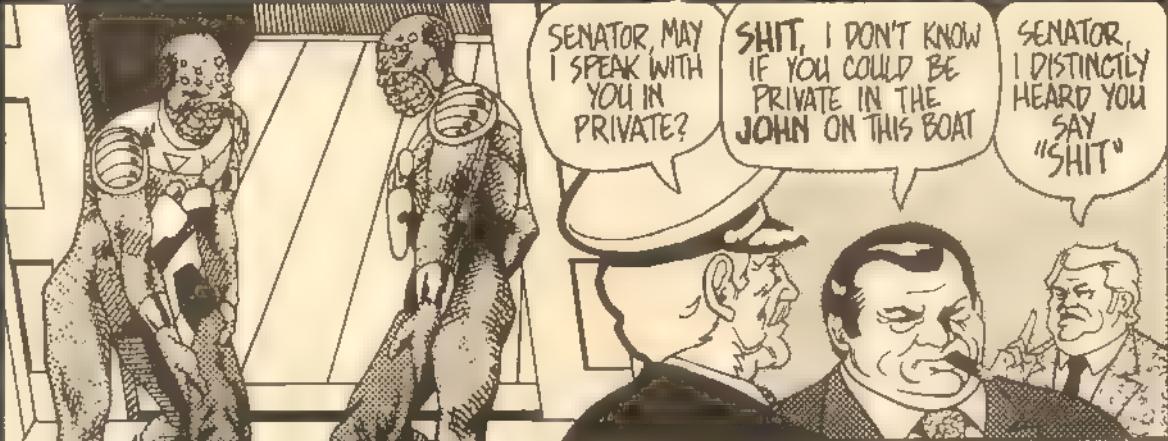


YES, IT'S  
TRUE - NO  
ALPHA WOULD  
BE CALLED  
DEAD  
ESCORTING AN  
"EARTHWORM."  
ONLY CLASS  
BETA IS  
IMPURE  
ENOUGH -  
SO  
LOATHSOMELY  
ILLOGICAL....

STOW IT, "TEAR TOOL," JUST GET THIS  
GUY TO SICK-BAY - TELL THOSE DELTAS  
TO MOVE HIM - NOW!

THE EARTHLING IS - CORRECT.  
DELTAS! REMOVE THIS ONE  
TO THE AUTOMED.





DICTATE TO ME SOME MORE,  
"SLOW JOE" - BE MY DIRTY  
DICTATOR! OH, TAKE MY  
PLEASURE PSEUDOPOD  
PLEASE!

YOU KEEP AWAY FROM  
MY ASSHOLE, YOU  
OCTOPOID SLUT!!

THE BETA!  
MISCEGENATING  
WITH AN  
EARTHLING!

MY CYBERNETIC  
STOMACH  
TURNS

HEY, WHATCHOO  
DOIN' IN MY  
PANTS??

URK!

IT HAS RUINED MY SEX TENTACLE!  
I AM MADE A GAMMA!!

ONE OF THE TECHS,  
SCREWING THE  
MARTIAN QUEER!

DIO MIO!  
WHY, YOU  
BETAS ARE  
FAGGOTS!

I TOLD YOU  
WE WERE RUSHING  
THOSE...

QUEER!

OH! JOE,  
DARLING!

TECHNICALLY,  
BETAS ARE  
HERMAPHRODITIC

NONETHLESS,  
THIS IS  
MARTICIDE!

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY  
PART OF SOME  
SINISTER  
CONSPIRACY!

STRANGE,  
THE FILES DIDN'T  
MENTION TORPIDO  
BEING HOMOSEXUAL

A  
HOMOSEXUAL

I AM NOT NO  
FAGGOT!

AND I NEVER KILLED NOBODY  
WHO DIDN'T NEED KILLING!!



HE'S A PERVERT!  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
DESTROY HIM RIGHT  
HERE AND NOW!  
IT'S THE LAW!

SETTLE DOWN,  
BONAFIDE - WE'RE  
UNDER MARTIAN  
JURISDICTION NOW

MUCH GOOD  
THAT WILL  
DO HIM

EFFICIENT TERMINATION MUST  
BE INSTANTANEOUS



MADONNA - I DON'T BELIEVE THIS -  
I PACKED THE LASER BAZOOKA  
IN MY LUGGAGE!



"SLOW JOE"- DARLING -  
COMMAND ME MORE -  
MAKE ME DO  
DISGUSTING THINGS  
-AND HURT ME,  
JOE! YOU KNOW WE  
MARTIANS... DO LOVE  
TO TAKE...  
DICTATION



# A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN

(OR AT LEAST IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION)

FEATURING:  
OZZIE

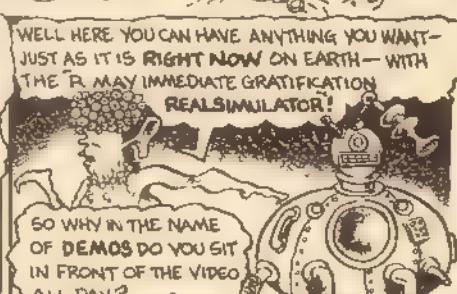
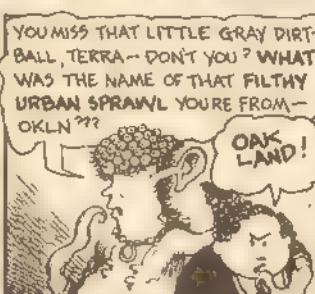
AND  
FLORNIK-12

IF IT'S A LITTLE FLAPPY  
IT'S PROBABLY BY RIPPEE  
© 1981 RIPPEE

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT  
FOR OZZIE (IN THE CASE OF  
FLORNIK-12 - WHO KNOWS??)  
BUT NOW, AFTER A COUPLE OF  
'FUN-FILLED' YEARS ON MARS,  
OZZIE IS A LITTLE HOMESICK-



HA HA

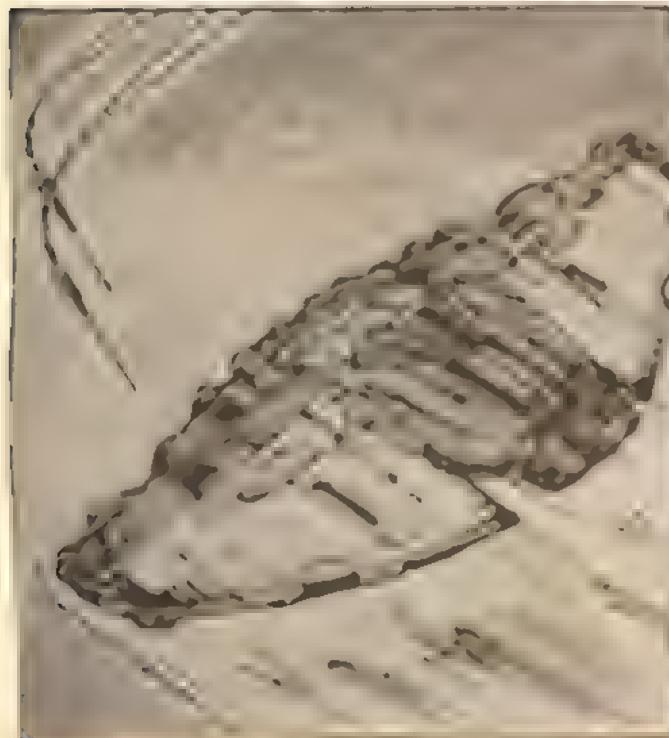
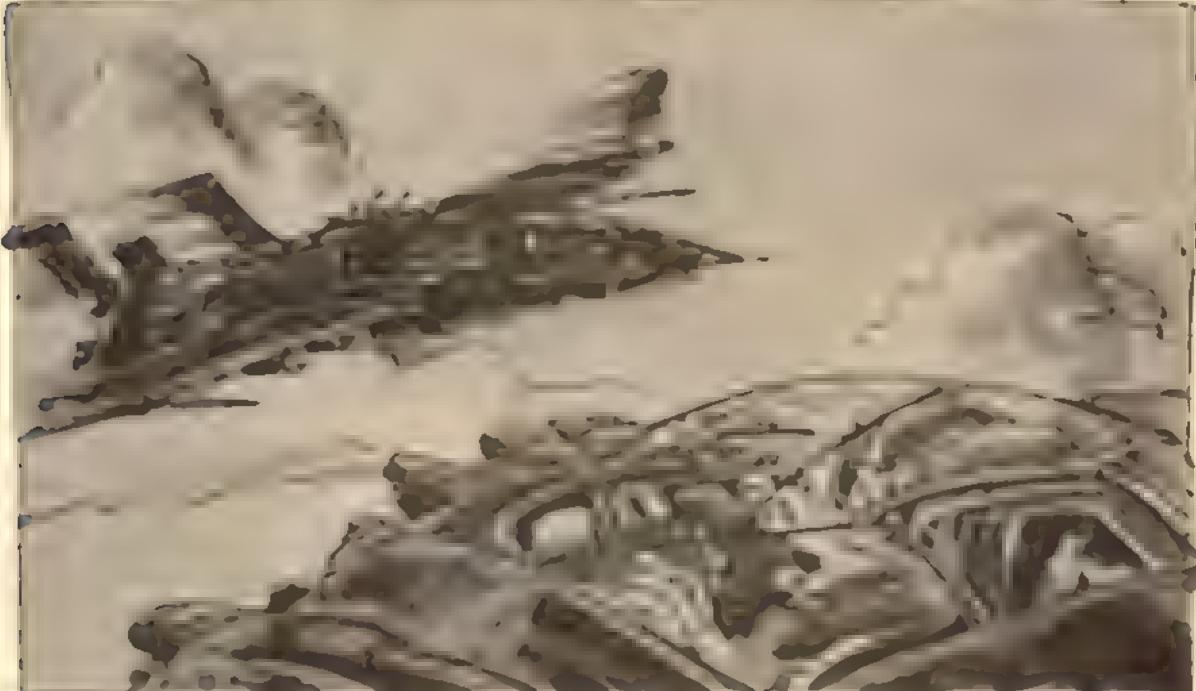


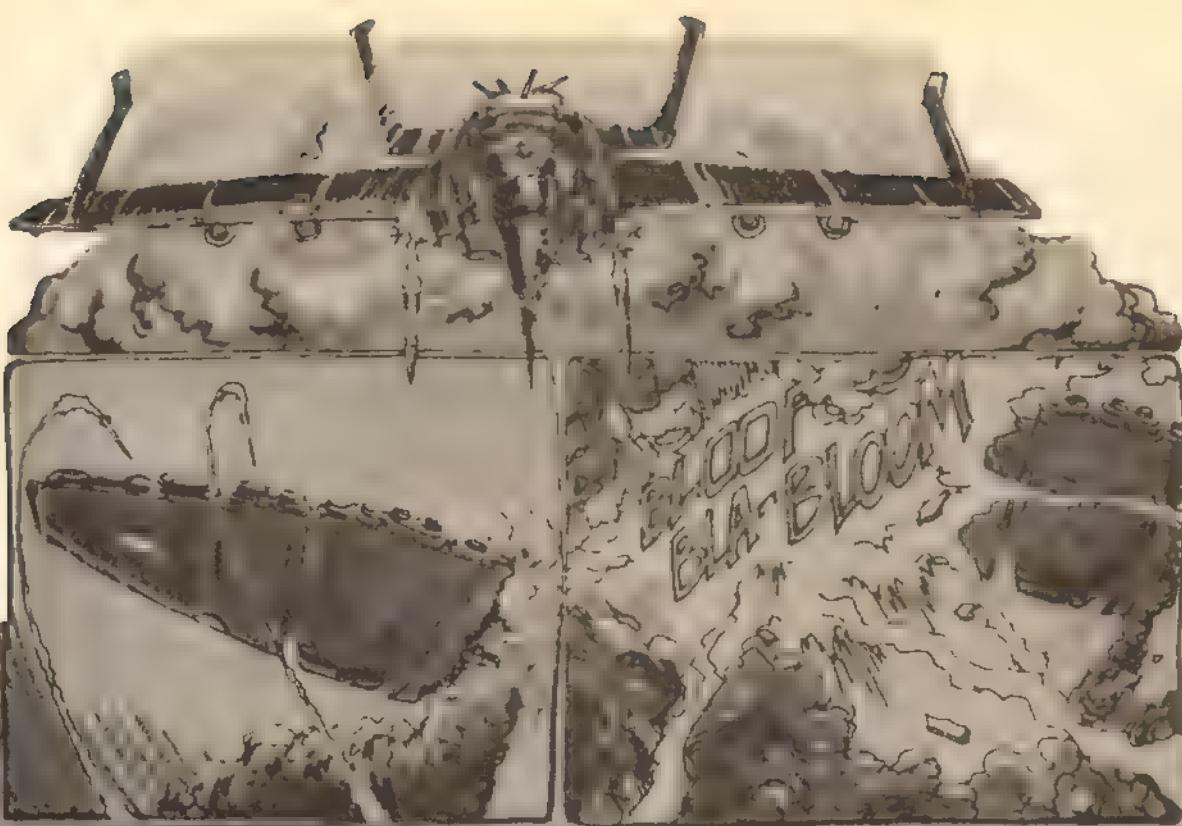
## OBLIGATORY SEX SCENE

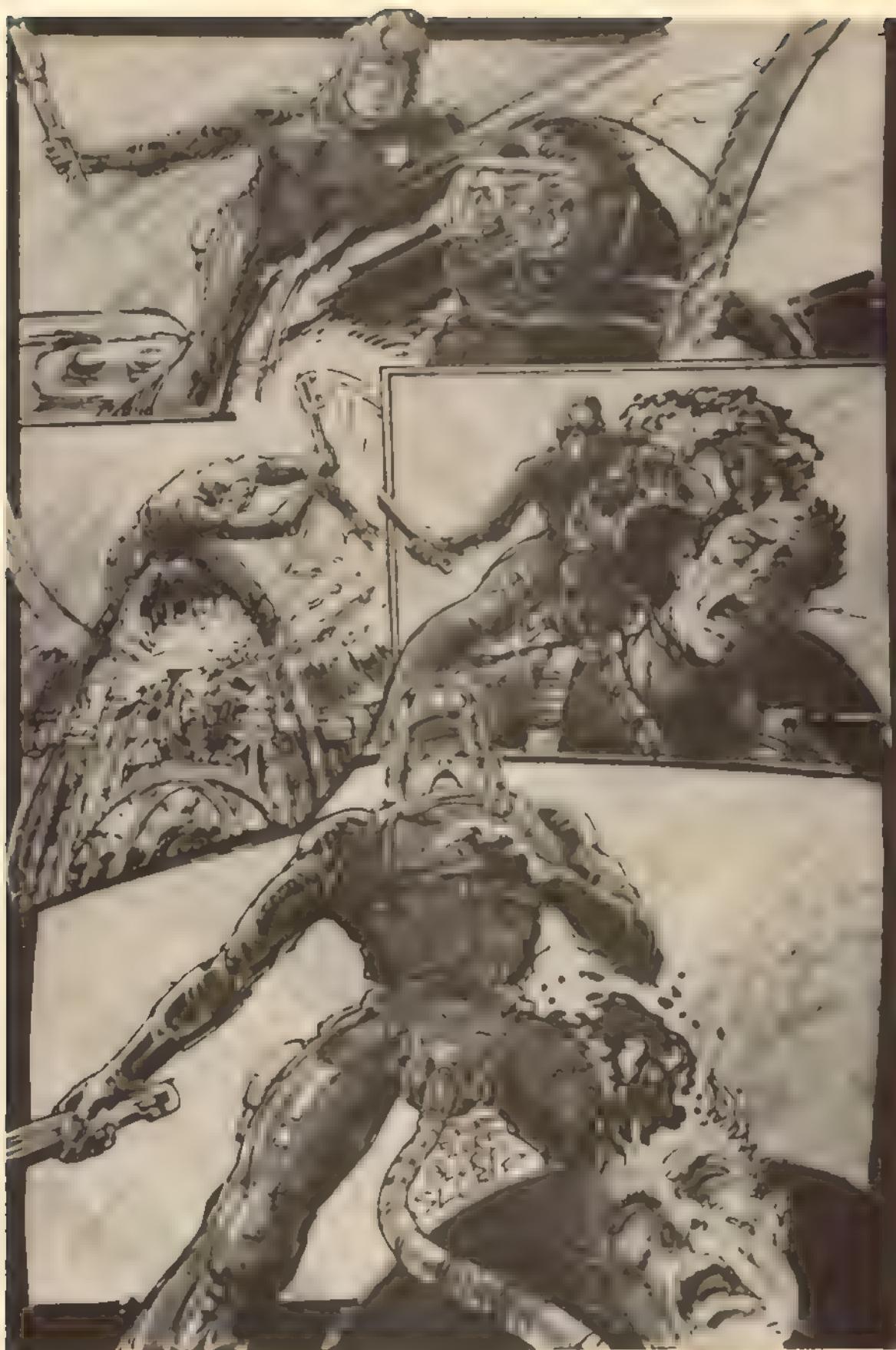


THEY WERE LOVERS. FRIENDS. OUTLAWS! SHE KNEW WHAT WAS  
IN HIS HEART, BUT WHAT WAS THE SECRET HE KEPT HIDDEN...

# UNDER HIS HAT

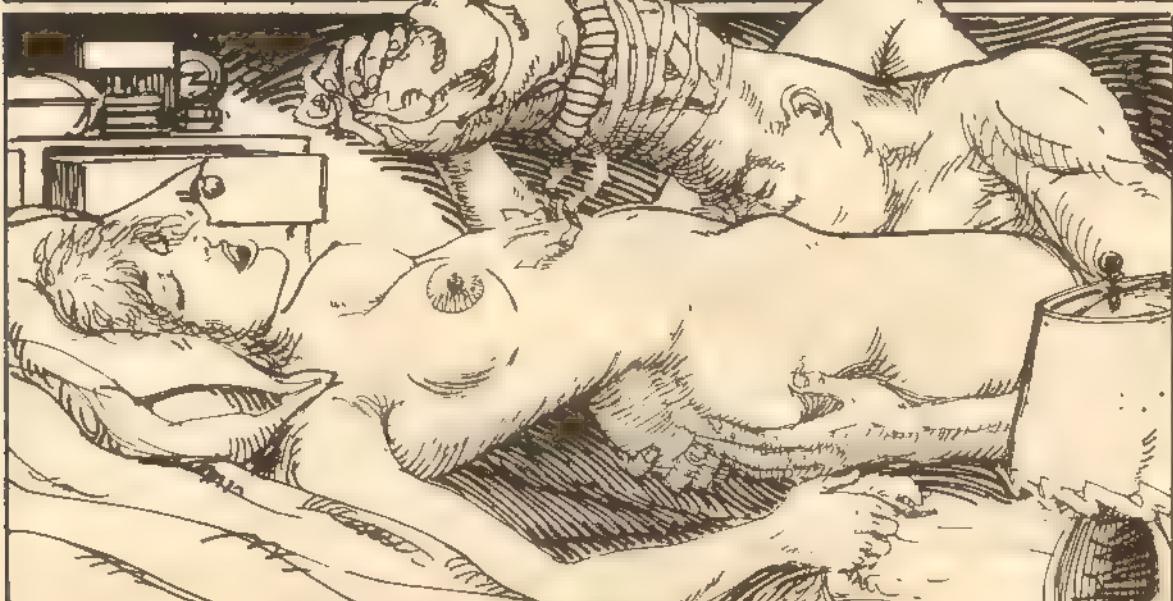
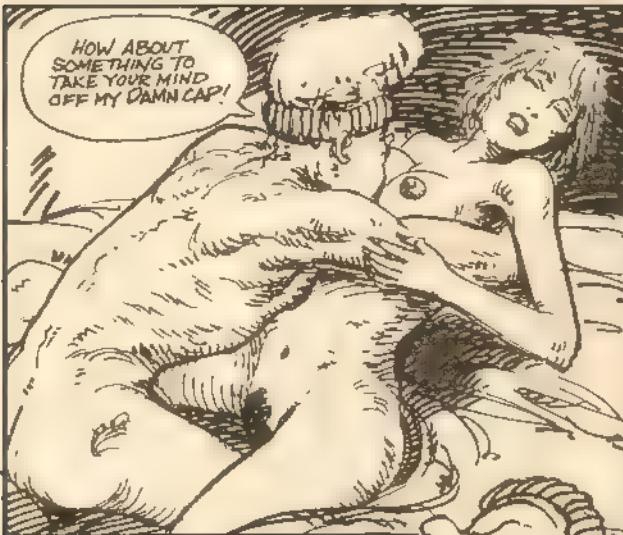


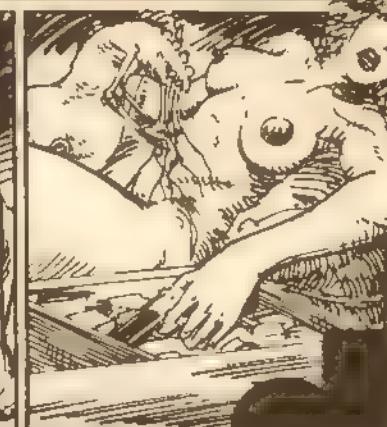






THE NEXT NIGHT...





ROMANCE IN A MARTIAN SOCIALIST STATE!

# THE DATE

by HUNT EMERSON  
© 1981

OUR TALE BEGINS ONE VELVET NIGHT! LEAVING THE REMAINS OF A MEAL ON THE REMAINS OF A TABLE, THE REMAINS OF A MAN VENTURES FORTH....



HE WAS THE SORT OF CHAP WHO TRAILLED A CLOUD OF SMALL LINES BEHIND HIM!!

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE - SO LET'S TAKE THE MOOLAH AND I DANCE... DING DONG... AHHH! KELL AWEEET! I THINK I SHALL URGE MY BONES AROUND TO MY FAVOURITE COMPUTER DATE-O-MAT!



DING DONG DING... GOOD EVENING! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A LITTLE ROMANTIC BALLIANCE WITH A COMPATIBLE SHE-MALE OF THE OPPOSITE PERSUASION! SO... HOWS ABOUT YOU AND ME COOKING UP A HOT LITTLE PROGRAMME, HIRAM... I HAVE THE MONEY - YOU HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY!



I DON'T WISH  
TO KNOW THAT!

SNIFF...  
HERE'S YER  
COMPUTER  
DATE, SEÑOR!

HMPH! LET ME SEE...  
WHAT'S THIS ADDRESS...?

"WELL, ME — ! YOUR  
LUCKS IN TONIGHT!"



HE WAS THE SORT OF CHAP WHO'D  
GIVE YOU A FRESH ARM FOR A  
FRESH OVERCOAT!

"HUM HI HO...  
IS THE NEW RO-MANTICA...?"

HE  
OOZED  
HOME TO  
PREPARE  
HIMSELF  
FOR THE  
EVENING'S  
DATE!

AH YES! WHAT  
WOMAN COULD  
RESIST HIM  
IN HIS MONKEY  
SUIT AND HALF  
A POUND OF  
STATE  
BRILLIANTINE!?



OUR RATES  
PROGRAMMING  
Per Line  
Sub Line  
Standard  
Economy  
Bargin Rate  
Seconds

10	00
15	00
20	00
10	00
3	50

The Moneymen get  
10-15% off  
standard rates  
for your stupid mistakes.

BEES  
THREE  
SHILLINGS,  
SEÑOR

...AND LATER HE IS TO BE  
FOUND ON THE DOORSTEP  
OF HIS...

NICK  
KNACKA  
NOONIKAPS!



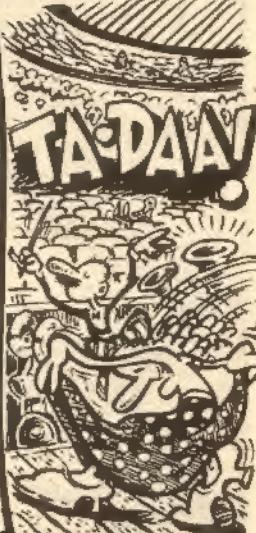
AND, INSIDE...

"NICK KNACKA NOONIKAPS?"  
THAT'S MY EX-DIRECTORY  
KNOCK! COME IN!

ME — ?  
I'M YOUR COMPUTER  
DATE! AIN'T I CUTE  
IN MY MONKEY  
SUIT??!

YOU SHOULD HAVE  
LEFT IT ON THE  
MONKEY!

TA-DAA!



I DON'T WISH TO KNOW THAT!  
OK, MADAM, LET'S GET THIS  
DATE ON THE ROAD! NOW,  
HOW DO YOU WISH TO SPEND  
THE EVENING, M'DEAR?

WELL....  
ARE YOU  
LISTENING  
CAREFULLY?

I WANT TO  
VISIT THE CAPITAL  
OF ITALY, SEE  
A MOVIE,...

...EAT THE  
BOTTOM HALF  
OF A COW'S  
LEG.....

...DO A  
LITTLE  
NEEDLEWORK...

PURCHASE  
A GOBLET...

...AND SEE  
THE LARGEST  
ART GALLERY  
IN LONDON!

SO, FOLKS,  
THE LADY  
WANTS....  
(wait for it...)

...ROME AN' CINEMA SHIN  
SEW CHALICE TATE!

Eye theng you!

THINK ABOUT IT

IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED  
MENTOR...  
WALLACE **WOOD**



**T**HE CHECKERED DEMON WITH  
ACCOMPANYING FRIENDS, SIES AND  
MOLGE, DANCE, FIGHT AND  
FROLIC IN A MIRTHFUL  
WALL BEYOND THE PERIMETER.  
FOR JON JACKSON.  
OSCAR WILSON, APRIL 1981.

